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ROLAND COMPELLED TO RESTORE THE STOLEN APPLE.

## ROLAND LEIGH; OR, THE STORY OF A CITY ARAB.

CHAPTER IV.—A CHANGE OF QUARTERS, AND WHY.

THE sorrows of childhood are not generally permanent; or, if the scar remains, the wound soon  
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heals, and the pain is gone. Before many weeks had passed away, I had almost ceased to mourn my loss, which, great as it was, brought with it, to my mind, one or two alleviations. In the first place, I had more personal liberty. Instead of

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being cooped up in our attic from morning to night, often shivering with cold, if not pinched with hunger, I was permitted, in the absence of Mrs. Magrath, to roam at my will and pleasure in the neighbouring lanes and courts; and to play, squabble, and fight with the ragged, dirty urchins with which they swarmed—myself as ragged and dirty as the most neglected of them all; for cleanliness was not one of poor Peggy's virtues. Then, in the second place, under the *régime* of my protectress, I was better fed than I had been under that of my mother, who had always forbidden my sharing the charwoman's "parquises," whatever might be the meaning of that term—and I soon guessed its meaning. Of course, I had no such restrictions now, and Peggy crammed me to my heart's content.

Meanwhile, the quarrel between her and her landlady had been apparently made up; at any rate, the attic was retained for our sole use; but an event occurred which caused it to blaze up afresh.

It was not very long after my mother's death, that I was one day playing in the alley, when an unlucky stone thrown by my hand broke a pane of glass in the shop window of Mrs. Crane, who, on the basement story of her lodging-house, carried on the business of dealer in marine stores; and as I was standing aghast at the mischief I had wrought, I found myself suddenly in the grasp of that angry lady, who boxed my ears very lustily, and added words of awful threatening, which sent me, roaring with pain, and trembling with fear, to the refuge of our upper room.

Here I was found by Mrs. Magrath on her return from her day's occupation, still trembling and sobbing, and willing enough to pour out my sorrows into her compassionate ears. The next minute I was in her strong arms, and she descending the rotten stairs with hot and fiery haste.

"Is it bateing my darling ye have been, ma'am?" she demanded, in a stern voice, as she confronted her landlady, who turned slightly pale at the rencontre; for she was no match for my nurse, either in strength of arm or volubility.

"And if I did give him a cuff," she began, apologetically, "didn't he break my window? And who's to pay for that, Mrs. Magrath?"

I had never before seen Peggy Magrath in what she afterwards called a warm and comfortable passion, and only once afterwards; but I will not anticipate.

Setting me down at her feet, and putting her arms a-kimbo, she commenced a volley of objurgations, mingled with direful menaces and scornful epithets, which quickly wrought their effect upon her antagonist; and, in another moment, a strife of tongues had commenced, which, though it dwells in my memory, it would be vain, if it were desirable, for me to attempt to describe. From words the quarrel soon proceeded to personal violence.

"I'll tache ye, ye ill-natured thing, to lay yer hand on innocent childer another time," shouted Peggy, grasping the head-dress of Mrs. Crane, and dragging her, shrieking, into the alley; and then arose a tumult of shouts, laughter, oaths, trampling of feet, heavy blows, howls of pain,

pantings, screams, and threats of dreadful vengeance.

For a few minutes I sat stupified; but, alas! young as I was, my experience of the by-ways of a great city had already familiarised me with scenes of violence. From the window of our attic I had many times looked down on brutal combats in the alley below; and my ears had drank in the polluted language of London blackguardism; and that which had evidently caused my mother painful disgust, had, to me, become a source of excitement, if not of secret delight. Now, however, my fears were aroused for the safety of my nurse; and, starting to my feet, I ran distractedly into the open air, calling her by name, with all the strength of my feeble lungs.

Already a mob had collected round the combatants. From every house in the alley delighted spectators were pouring forth: men in dirty shirt-sleeves, with begrimed hands and faces; women in every degree of disarray, with squalling infants in their arms, and in frenzied excitement, were shouting encouragement and calling out for fair play, while they pushed, jostled, and tumbled over each other to witness the battle; windows were thrown up and lined with spectators; and even from the house-tops others were looking down with composure on the turmoil below.

None heeded me, the unconscious cause of the horrid tumult; and, after narrowly escaping being trodden under-foot by the throng, I pushed my way into the narrow space left clear for the furious foes. The strife was over, however; Peggy, with her masculine strength, brawny arms, and superior stature, had gained a speedy victory. But even she had not come off unscathed; her face and arms were streaming with blood, and on the ground, amidst the rags and tatters of clothing which the combatants had torn from each other in the fierce fray, were several locks of her own red hair.

But Peggy's triumphant spirit lifted her above the sense of bodily pain. Catching me once more in her arms, and casting a contemptuous glance at her prostrate foe, she looked round on the crowd, demanding if anybody else there wanted a bateing; and, receiving no reply, save a hilarious burst of laughter, she marched off in stern dignity.

"She'll not bate ye again, honey," said she, when she had reached her room, and was bathing her scarred face with copious libations of her "cordial;" "but we must lave this, anyhow; for I wouldn't demane meself by slaping another night under the roof of the crayther."

And, in effect, before night had closed in, Mrs. Magrath had shifted her quarters from — Alley to a neighbouring court, known as "Whiskers' Rents"—a locality which I shall presently describe.

#### CHAPTER V.

MY FIRST THEFT.—MRS. MAGRATH FINDS SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT.—WHISKERS' RENTS DESCRIBED.

A YEAR or more had passed away, and the memory of my mother had become more and more faint. Meanwhile I had grown and strengthened in body, while my mind, undisciplined and neglected, was becoming precociously active. If

Peggy Magrath had been a better guide and protectress than it is reasonable to suppose her to have been, she could scarcely have severed me from those evil communications which corrupt good manners; for her occupation compelled her absence from our lodging through the greater part of almost every day, and the moral instructions of an occasional evening's intercourse would have gone but a little way towards counteracting the contaminating influence of the society into which I was daily cast.

But, in truth, Mrs. Magrath had few moral instructions to inculcate. She was intensely ignorant and superstitious; and even her good qualities were beclouded and overcast by an equal or a greater number of besetting vices. Thus, she was industrious; and, because of her superior strength and willingness, and her consequent ability to get through a hard day's work, she had always employment enough; but she was, if not positively intemperate in her habits, certainly not a pattern of abstinence or even of sobriety. She was affectionate and grateful for kindness received; but, as I have just shown, she was prompt and fierce in her resentment. Then, she was faithful to her employers—that is, setting aside “parquises,” which I believe she looked upon as a kind of lawful spoiling of the enemy, or a tax upon property; for it was only on her richer employers that the tax was levied. From a poor, struggling, many-children'd tradesman she would have scorned so dirty an action, as she would have called it, as to abstract a single farthing's worth of consumable property, while willingly giving hour after hour of overwork without extra payment.

And let me do Mrs. Magrath the justice to say, that she was earnestly desirous of being faithful to the promises she had made to my mother. On one occasion, for instance, she caught me in the act of devouring a rosy-checked apple, and requested to know where I had obtained it.

Secure, as I thought, of her approbation, I replied that it was a “parquise.”

“A parquise, ye little rogue! what d'ye mane?” demanded Mrs. Magrath.

“Old Mother Green gave me a halfpenny to mind her stall while she went home,” I explained; “and she was gone such a precious long time.”

“And the halfpenny—where's the halfpenny, Roland?”

I pulled it out of my pocket and showed it to her.

“And ye stowle the apple, thin?” shouted Peggy, in a tone that made me tremble, unused though I was to her anger. “Ye stowle it, did ye?—you that I promised to keep honest!” and she wrested the apple from my grasp. “An' what'll yer mother say when she looks down and sees ye growing up to be a thafe, Roland Leigh? Ye may well cry, ye unloocky one!” she went on, as my tears began to flow; “but ye'll not get off in that way, my man; ye must come with me this instant;” and, heedless of the terror her words excited, she laid hold on me with her strong hand and hurried me into the court. Nor did she stop in her progress till we reached the apple-stall, the contents of which had excited my cupidity.

Her errand was soon explained, and, having delivered up the mutilated apple, she insisted on

my restoring the halfpenny, which she declared I had forfeited by my flagrant breach of trust. Nor was this all; for, despite the expostulations of the good-natured applewoman, and amidst the jeers of the bystanders, she compelled me to kneel before the feet of the injured Mrs. Green, and beg pardon for the offence I had committed, promising solemnly to keep my hands in future from picking and stealing. This done, we marched back again in silence; and it was not till we had reached our chamber, and Peggy had had recourse to her never-failing cordial, that she regained her equanimity and opened her lips in speech; while I, stung with mortification, sat down sulkily on the floor.

“Roland Leigh,” said Mrs. Magrath slowly and impressively, “ye niver towld me a lie; an' now I ax ye, is this the first time ye iver stowle?”

I answered, and answered truly, that it was; and that I should not have taken the apple that day if Sloppy Stevens had not put it into my head.

“I belave ye, darling,” said my nurse in a softened tone; “the more by token that Sloppy Stevens is a bould, bad boy, without respect or riverince for young or ould. But, sorra on ye, ye'll come to be as bould and bad as he, if ye take him for yer pattrern. An' I promised yer poor mother I'd keep ye honest, I did,” she continued, wiping her eyes; “an' if I made ye do what I did this day, it was because I didn't forget the promise.”

My sullenness was gone at sight of her tears; she had been kind to me, and I knew it, though I did not then know how much I owed to her disinterested affection. I crept timidly to her side and put my arm round her neck. “I'll never do it again, Peggy,” I sobbed; “and I will be honest, I will.”

“May ye be kept in that same mind for iver an' iver. Amin,” said Mrs. Magrath, returning my embrace; and so the matter ended; but it was long before the impression it left on my mind was even weakened.

From that day a change, perceptible even to me, came over my protectress. Her mind seemed occupied with big and mighty thoughts; and she frequently dropped mysterious hints, which evidently had reference to myself and some impending change in my circumstances. Sometimes these intimations took the form of loud and sorrowful anticipations of having to part with me; but oftener they were manifested in less demonstrative but deeper exultations at the good luck in store for me.

I observed too that, gradually, my wardrobe was reformed and enlarged, so that eventually I attained to the dignity of a Sunday “shute,” as Peggy called it; which, one article after another, she purchased for me at an old clothes shop in the neighbourhood. This was a work of time, however; and it was attended with one inconvenience on which my kind-hearted nurse had not calculated. In fact, she forgot that, while her limited means were slowly accumulating, I was more rapidly growing; so that the garment she bought for me in January or July—the month is immaterial—and which fitted, according to the Jew dealer's averment, as well as if it had been made for me, and which, moreover, was laid carefully

aside until the entire equipment of my person was complete—was tight, even to bursting, nearly a year afterwards. At last, indeed, Peggy became aware of this obvious fact; and the last purchase, which completed my outfit, was made with a prudent foresight respecting the future. But this served only to aggravate my *outré* appearance, when, for the first time, I put on my "shute:" my lower extremities being "cribbed, cabined, and confined" in a garment or garments so excessively and painfully small (but were they not "small-clothes?") that the wonder was, first, how I had ever got into them; and, secondly, how I was ever to get out of them; while the upper and nobler part of my body was smothered and concealed in a coat which certainly would allow for my growing. I was proud of my appearance, however; and so was Peggy, who, after turning me round and round, muttered to herself—"They'll be sure to take kindly to him now."

"Who will be, Peggy?" I ventured to ask; and received in response the oracular sentence which I had more than once heard before from her lips, "Ye'll ax no questions, honey, an' thin ye'll have no stories tould;" adding, "an' now ye'll take off the new shute, Roland; for ye're not to wear it yet awhile."

Again I noticed that, whereas Mrs. Magrath had in former times been profoundly indifferent to society in general, and had kept at arm's length—probably for my mother's sake and mine—even her own country folk, she now began to court the company of stragglers, such, at least, as had travelled in the country. And it happened that the house in which we lodged was especially favourable for such companionship. Let me describe it.

It was a large house, three stories high, and had been at one time—but it must have been long, long ago—a dwelling of some consideration. Even in its old age it retained vestiges of former respectability, if not magnificence, in its broad staircase, with curiously turned and massive banisters (such portions as remained), antique carved wainscotings, and broad cornices; but the old house was woefully dilapidated and hastening to decay. The walls were full of gaping cracks, and leaned forward frowningly and threateningly upon the narrow court—so threateningly, that passers-by were wont to cast a timid glance upward, and hasten on, as though fearful of being suddenly buried in their fall. The floors of the upper rooms had declined so much from the horizontal, that it was uphill work to travel from the doorways to the wide cavernous fireplaces. I use the words doorways and fireplaces advisedly, for the greater number of the doors, and the whole of the grates, had long since disappeared. The joists of the building were loose and ruinous; and the rafters over-head, in the garrets, were bent with old age and the weight of tiles into the form of a bow, and some of them were crumbling into dust with rotteness; so that it was marvellous how the whole roof of the poor old house had not, years ago, fallen in with a terrible crash.

So much for the material points of this, the principal house in Whiskers' Rents. Incidentally, it was full of filth and uncleanness. From cellar to attic, one thick coating of dark sticky moisture clung to its wainscoted walls; its floors were

hidden with a still thicker carpeting of London slime, trodden by innumerable feet into the consistency of sun-baked clay; and the smoke of past generations of fires had covered what remained of its ceilings with blackness approaching to ebony. I say nothing of windows which would not open and windows which would not shut, rendered semi-opaque with dirt, where glass remained, and picturesque by the variety of contrivances for keeping out wind and rain, as well as sunshine, where glass was gone.

A front room on the ground floor of this "desirable property" was the home and refuge of its owner, who, like a bloated spider, never travelled beyond the limits of his web. A back garret, the smallest and most wretched of all, was Peggy Magrath's home and mine. But between these two extremes was a floating population, equalling if not exceeding in number that of a small country village. It varied, however: in summer, we were comparatively deserted. London then—our London—was out of town. It was when fashionable London was at its fullest, that our population also began to flow in with a full tide. Then travelling tinkers, tramping beggars, rag collectors, wandering minstrels, owners and trainers of dancing dogs, itinerant dealers in small wares, and so forth, who had closed their summer provincial business; hop-pickers from Kent and Sussex, and reapers from the midland counties and counties still farther north, whose home was London—if peripatetic and occasional workers can be said to have a home anywhere—came thronging in to Whiskers' Rents, to hibernate in vicious idleness, or to pick up the scanty subsistence which the country would no longer yield.

To this class of the population—nomadic in their habits and by inclination, and ingenious in their modes of levying contributions on other classes, whom they looked upon as natural foes—"Whiskers" was a harbour of refuge. In their wanderings, their thoughts turned fondly towards "Whiskers;" in their casual meetings they talked, in bated breath, about "Whiskers;" and at their parting they drank to a merry re-union at "Whiskers." Bets were to be settled, marriages to be celebrated, and disputes to be adjusted, at "Whiskers."

Within the radius of half a mile or less from Whiskers' Rents, taking that as the centre of a circle, were lordly dwellings, a regal palace, a glorious cathedral abbey, churches, chapels, houses of parliament, magnificent streets, shops filled with luxuries: by day, streams of wealth and splendour rolled on; and by night, brilliant gleams of light from the abodes of fashion danced in the atmosphere round about "Whiskers." Legislators and high dignitaries and powers held their levées and assembled their admirers within an easy reach of "Whiskers;" but Whiskers' Rents was a *terra incognita*, an unknown country; it was inclosed within a maze of streets and lanes; its approaches were perfectly known only to the initiated; and he would have been a bold man who, in the performance of some perilous duty, should penetrate the outer shell which hemmed and bound it in. Crime lay there concealed; vice festered there; poverty nestled there; ignorance triumphed there; and no man cared.

I said that, among other changes which were



observable at this time in Peggy Magrath, was that she began to court the society of her fellow-lodgers at "Whiskers." She was discriminate, however, in her choice. It seemed as though all new comers (and they were numberless) were subjected to some uniform inquiry; and, this answered, her interest, in most cases, suddenly subsided, and further intercourse was dropped. Occasionally, however, her countenance kindled to animation, and the introductory question led to others. Then, a look of disappointment beclouded her features, and her inquiries ceased.

All this was inexplicable to me; nor did Peggy choose to enlighten my ignorance: at length, however, a little light broke in upon my mind.

The conversations I have hinted at, were generally carried on in the court below, or on the broad landing-places or stairs of our lodging-house; but, on one occasion, the intelligence gained by Mrs. Magrath arrived at so satisfactory a point that she enticed the intelligencer, an old ballad-singer and vender of last dying speeches, to the solitude of her remote attic, with the promise of a glass of cordial to warm his "poor old heart."

"An' so ye've travelled"—this to her guest:—"ye'll go to slape, darling, an' shut up your eyes, while I'm spakin' to this good gintleman"—this to me, who was in bed. Obediently, I closed my eyes, but not my ears.

"An' so ye've travelled in —?"

"In e'en a'most every county and sheer in England, ma'am, as I told you—Yorkshire, Lancashire, Stafford, Warwick, Gloucester, Herefordshire, Oxford, Bedford, Harford. I've been tramping it forty years and more—fifty, for what I know, here and there and up and down. Here's wishing your good health, ma'am," raising the glass to his lips, as I judged by the hearty smack that followed, "and may you never know what it is to want it."

"Thankye," said Peggy; "an' ye know the place I was axing ye about?"

"Place and people, ma'am, high and low," said the traveller; "leastways, I know'd 'em once. I haven't been near that part of the country nigh upon four year."

"An' ye, may-be, know —?" here Peggy lowered her voice, and the name she whispered escaped me.

"You mean him as they call the Squire? he what lives at the white house with the big farm-yard afore it, and owns most of the land there-away?" demanded the old man.

"Ye hear that, Roland!—a squire to yer grand—" she began, and then suddenly stopped short with—"Sorrow to my tongue, when I promised that I wouldn't brathe a word in his ear, good or bad, till—" This was in a low tone of self-communing; but Peggy's asides were generally audible enough. "An' what should I be waking him for?" she added.

"Eh! what's up now?" exclaimed the old traveller, with some animation; "you don't mean that;" and, opening my eyes for a half glance, I perceived that he was nodding and pointing significantly towards me.

"May be yes, and may be no," replied Mrs. Magrath; "but ye'll tell me one thing more."

She looked cautiously round, but I was too quick for her, and my eyes were again fast shut; "the Squire had a daughter——"

"As run away and married him as called his-self Capting Leigh——"

"Hush, whisk!" whispered Peggy, cautiously. "Go on; but stop—another dhrop first;" and, by the clink of the lip of her bottle against the edge of the broken wine-glass, I could tell, without opening my eyes, that her hand shook with excitement.

"—— called his-self Capting Leigh," continued the ballad-singer; "and mayhap he was, and mayhap he wasn't; but, capting or no capting, it was a bad match for the gal."

"Ye may say that," interjected Peggy, with a sigh.

"And when he'd spent all her money, which wasn't long first, and run away and left her to starve——"

"Ye needn't tell me about that," said Peggy; "didn't I hear the story from her own beautiful lips, the ill-treated crayther? But Roland Leigh, is it waping ye are? What ails ye, thin?" she exclaimed, suddenly turning to me, and holding the candle close to my face.

Yes, tears were coursing down my cheeks in a full current. I had eagerly drunk in the words I had heard; that they related to me and my parentage was plain; and the image of my mother rose up in my memory.

What more I might have heard but for this involuntary burst of passion, I do not know; for Peggy's conference with the ballad-singer was for that time closed. They met again afterwards; but care was taken that I should overhear no more of their conversations; and, in a short time, Mrs. Magrath relapsed into her former state of isolation.

Winter passed away, and spring; and, with the latest snows, the overflowing population of Whiskers' Rents began to melt away also. It was then that the last and finishing purchase of my "Sunday shute" was made; and then, too, the secret which had lain concealed in Mrs. Magrath's bosom nearly oozed out in the following fashion:—

"Ye'd like to thravel in the counthry, darling?" said she one evening, after her return from a hard day's work.

"If you are going, Peggy, I'd like to go with you," said I.

"Hear to him! as if I'd sind him out on his thravels alone!" said she.

"Where are we going?" I asked.

"That's a saycret," said she.

"I know. You are going to look out for my——"

"Whist!" said Peggy "an' I'll tell ye a sthory. Oncet upon a time there was a darling young lady lived all alone in a grand house, along vith her father an' two shisters, an' a power of sarvants; an' she was as happy as the days was long——"

"That was my mother," said I, quickly.

"Only to think of that, now!" exclaimed Mrs. Magrath; "he's found it out; and I promised I wouldn't. An' I'm thinking, darling, it's time ye went to bed; for we'll start on our thravels to-morrow."

"Do, do tell me all about it, Peggy!" I cried; but she was inexorable; and, for the second time, I was baulked of hearing as much as Mrs. Magrath knew of my mother's history.

### COLONEL JOHN CHARLES FREMONT.

SECOND PAPER.

It was towards the end of the year 1845 that Fremont started on his third expedition, which was the last he was commissioned by his government to make. Its object was to discover the shortest possible route from the western basis of the Rocky Mountains to the mouths of the Columbia. The expedition resulted in the conquest of California and its annexation to the United States.

In this journey Fremont was at the head of sixty men and two hundred horses; and he took the route across the great central basin towards California, which he had formerly travelled. He was unfortunately delayed, owing to a division of his force and a mistake as to the point of rendezvous, and arrived later than he intended at the confines of California. Leaving his troop behind, he proceeded alone to Monterey, to obtain permission from the authorities to prosecute his journey through the Mexican territory. The request was granted; but soon afterwards he was informed that he was to be expelled by force, on the ground that he had come with the purpose of exciting insurrection. Enraged at such a breach of faith, and without knowing that war was on the point of being declared between the United States and the Mexicans, Fremont at once fortified his position, and with his sixty men offered battle to the Mexican dragoons. They declined the challenge, and Fremont, not choosing to act on the aggressive, left his entrenchments and marched leisurely through North California into Oregon. Here, on the 8th of May, he was met by a messenger, bringing him a command from Washington, in obedience to which he immediately retraced his steps towards California.

On the following night a dismal tragedy occurred in his camp, and Fremont himself narrowly escaped the Indian's tomahawk. The whole company, wearied out with fatigue, had retired to rest, without, according to their usual custom, placing sentinels on guard; it was the only night but one on which they had ever omitted this precaution. The moon had gone down, and all were asleep, when suddenly a heavy groan aroused the vigilant ear of Kit Carson, who, listening for a moment, heard plainly the sound of the Indian's axe as it fell with its destructive blow. Springing to his feet and shouting "Indians!" the whole party started at once to wakefulness and to battle, and a desperate encounter ensued. Fremont flew to the assistance of his men, and in a moment the Indians were put to flight; but they had slain three unfortunates in their sleep, and wounded a fourth.

Following his instructions, Fremont returned to California, where he found the country in an unsettled state. The Mexicans, seeking to oust the United States' colonists, were goading the Indians to attack them, and had prepared a force, under General Castro, for their expulsion. The

Americans, aware of their danger, applied to Fremont for protection, and enrolled themselves under his leadership. He first marched against the Indians, whom he surprised and utterly routed; he next surprised a military post at Sonoma, where he took nine pieces of cannon; he afterwards defeated a squadron of Castro's dragoons, taking their artillery and baggage; and on the 5th of July he called a meeting of the settlers, and invited them to declare their independence—a proposition which they enthusiastically embraced, and at once unfurled the flag of the free state of California. From this hour success was easy; the Mexicans were defeated at every point. By the middle of August they had deserted their capital, and the whole country was annexed to the United States.

Meanwhile, in reward for his hardihood and valour, Fremont was placed under arrest by the officers of the Federal Government. Commodore Stockton and General Kearney quarrelling between themselves as to the right of rule, and Fremont only obeying the former, from whom he had received his command, offended the latter. A court-martial convicted him of mutiny and disobedience, and deprived him of his commission; and he was marched as a prisoner across the vast territory which he had been the first to explore. It is mournful to add that his aged mother, hearing of his disgrace, sunk under the blow, and died ere he arrived to comfort her.

The public, however, refused to indorse the sentence of the court-martial, and the President of the United States offered to reinstate him in his command; but Fremont refused to accept the conciliatory compliment, and determined to retrieve his honour on the same field where he had been robbed of it. In the meantime he took the necessary steps to clear his character from the stains which had been cast upon it, and finally succeeded in convincing his countrymen that it was to the jealousy of his rivals and their machinations, and not to faults attributable to himself, that he owed his temporary disgrace.

Having at length fairly vindicated his own character, Fremont began to make preparations for his fourth expedition. This he had resolved to pursue at his own private risk and expense, assisted only by the contributions of his friends. His object was to ascertain the practicability, or the reverse, of a national railroad from the Mississippi to California; and he selected for his line of march the head of the Rio Grande del Norte, a region which he had not yet explored. This expedition proved the most terribly disastrous of all his adventures. He started in October, 1848, with a company consisting of thirty-three of his old associates, well armed, and a hundred and twenty picked mules. By the end of November they had reached the base of the first mountainous ridge they had to pass, and over this they travelled on foot, leading their mules, through snow often waist deep, and arrived at the beautiful valley of San Louis. Now the great Sierras lay before them, through which they had to find a way. The guide whom Fremont had engaged insisted that a depression in the outline of the mountains marked the situation of the pass, and in this direction Fremont, against his better judgment, was induced to proceed.

As they began to ascend the frozen heights the cold became intense, and they were compelled to encamp at night in imminent peril of freezing to death. The next day the dangers frightfully increased; the cold was more severe, and the way led along the ridges of horrible steeps and chasms. The snow lay so deep that they had to beat it down to form a path for the mules. On gaining the summit they saw nothing before them but interminable crags and peaks, stretching as far as the eye could pierce. There was nothing for it but to go back; and now the horrors of their situation began rapidly to accumulate. A tremendous storm swept over the heights, and buried the mules to the shoulders in snow; the animals, unable to advance or recede, though huddled together in a mass, to preserve warmth, froze to death as they stood, and, falling like inanimate blocks, were speedily shrouded in the drift. The position of the travellers was now desperate. Abandoning their baggage, they began to retreat, and sought a wretched shelter under some rocks. They were ten days' journey from the nearest settlement, and without help they must all perish. Fremont despatched three of the strongest men, with a guide, to bring supplies of food and succour, and allowed them twenty days for the journey. For sixteen days Fremont and his starving band awaited their return; but being able to endure no longer, he then, with three companions, started to meet the expected relief. At the end of six days' journey he came upon the camp of the four men who had been despatched for succour: they had lost their way, and were in a horrible state of suffering and despair; only three were alive, and they had long subsisted by feeding on the dead body of the fourth. Fremont continued his journey, taking the three survivors with him. Happily, they fell in with a young Indian, who guided them to the settlements, whence they sent relief to the party left in the mountains.

That relief came too late for many of them. The whole party, shortly after the departure of Fremont, had followed in his track, and the frozen and half-devoured remains of those who had perished marked their route. More than a third of the number were dead: some had died of hunger, some were frozen to death, some, with wits crazed, had wandered from the way and were no more seen; despair had taken possession of all, and when the succour which they had ceased to expect came, the strong brave men all cried together like children.

However these calamities may have depressed the spirits of Fremont, they did not turn him from his purpose. As soon as possible he pushed on to Santa Fé, where he enlisted fresh men, and procured a new outfit. With a company of thirty rifles he struck across the country of the Apaches; and though the whole region was infested with hostile Indians, he managed to conciliate one party into whose power he fell, and who, by withdrawing the attention of their tribe from his route, enabled him to traverse the whole district with safety. He arrived in California in March, 1849, with the knowledge he had sought, of a secure and practicable route, and may be said to have opened the golden gates of the New Eldorado with his own hands. In California he was received with en-

thusiasm, and in 1850 was elected by the inhabitants a member of the Senate of the United States.

As a senator, Fremont distinguished himself by the usefulness of his measures and the amount of knowledge he could bring to bear on matters of a practical nature. In 1852, he made a trip to Europe for the re-establishment of his health; and while in London was one day, when handing his wife into a carriage, arrested and hurried to prison at the suit of a person who held one of the drafts drawn by him upon the government of the United States, for expenses incurred in his country's service, which drafts the American Secretary of State had, strange to say, refused to honour. Fremont, on this occasion, had to pass the night in a London sponging-house, and was only released next day by the interference of the United States minister and a wealthy American merchant, who bailed him out of prison. This was one of his rewards for having conquered California for his native country.

It was during his voyage to Europe that Fremont planned his fifth expedition. His object in this, the last of his grand explorations, was to survey the Coochalope Pass, with a view to the construction of a road or railway through it. He started on this expedition in August, 1853; and, from the length of time that elapsed before any thing was heard of him, it was feared that he had at last met the fate he so often dared. News of his safety, however, arrived in the spring of 1854. He had traversed the Coochalope Pass in the middle of December, without difficulty, but subsequently, in the neighbourhood of the river Grande, had encountered perils of the most formidable nature, having to contend at once with the pangs of famine and the attacks of hordes of savages. But he had finally achieved his object, and had defined the route which the great national railway for uniting the Atlantic and Pacific will pass through whenever that grand project shall be executed.

From the above outline of Colonel Fremont's adventurous career, it will be seen that the purport and object of all his labours have been the welfare of his country and the extension of her commerce, by opening up new routes of transit and intercourse. His leading idea from the very first has been to make America the highway of traffic between Asia and Europe, and thus to divert the current of commerce which, for a thousand years, has flowed from the east to the west, into a contrary direction—a change which would make America the commercial centre of the world.

If it be any satisfaction to the reader to know that the man who has thus strenuously wrestled with danger and death in all shapes, has reaped the material rewards of activity and bravery, he will not be displeased to learn that Fremont is now almost fabulously wealthy. During his first residence in California, he bought for himself the famous Mariposa grant, which, on the subsequent discovery of the golden ore, proved to be one of the most fertile fields of operation. When his scientific and adventurous explorations were brought to a close, Fremont took up his residence in California, where, notwithstanding that a most violent opposition was set up against his claim to the Mariposa lands, he eventually succeeded in

establishing his right, and became one of the wealthiest proprietors of the Western World. What is far more to his honour, however, is that he took a prominent part in the formation of the constitution of the young state, and that it was mainly owing to his zeal and determination that clauses were introduced into that document, excluding for ever the curse of slavery from its institutions.

In reviewing a career like that of Fremont, we perceive that he evidently belongs to the class which forms the pioneers of society, and out of which travellers and explorers spring—those men who open new paths for the peaceful citizen to occupy. Does not a career like his, too, seem naturally to point a moral, and to pour shame upon the obstacles which often are allowed by Christian men to act as hindrances in the prosecution of a heavenly course—hindrances which the exercise of a vigorous will would frequently overthrow?

On the 18th of June, 1856, Colonel Fremont, who was then residing in New York, was nominated by the National Republican Convention assembled in Philadelphia, as their candidate for the Presidency of the United States. From that time up to the 4th of November, the day of election, his name was the watchword of independence, and the sympathies of all opponents of slavery throughout the world were with the gallant Pathfinder, whose genius, heroism, and magnanimity, and whose unrivalled services to his country, seemed to stamp him as the man to guide the helm of a free state. The hopes of the Anti-slavery party in America were not, however, destined to be realized. The opposing candidates, Buchanan and Fillmore, by a partial coalition managed to secure a majority for the former. But even the defeat of Fremont on this occasion was a triumph; and as he is still young, he may yet occupy the presidential chair before many years have passed away.

#### CELESTIAL FIREWORKS.

It was a brilliant and an imposing spectacle—the flight of ten thousand rockets, from the summit of Primrose Hill, at the recent celebration of the Peace. Up they went, not one by one or score after score, but in a monster burst—flaring, hissing, and vaulting, then curling and winding aloft like so many fiery flying serpents, till they finally dissolved in a shower of stars, most dazzling to the fifty thousand pair of upturned eyes that followed their course. The display, duly advertised beforehand, fully answered to expectation, but did not much exceed it. Though admiration was excited, there was little surprise, except among the juveniles. Much less was the mind of the multitude stirred with those feelings of awe bordering on apprehension, which are usually roused when the impression to the eye is so occult as to defy intelligence to apprehend its cause—a splendid but mysterious apparition. The whole was of the earth, earthy. It was known to be of man's device, and of no difficult manipulation, while only gorgeous or even visible within a very limited range. At a comparatively short distance from the scene of action, the lofty seemed low, the beautiful was obscure, and the imposing became insignificant.

It dwindled down to the likeness of a few squibs, fired by some frolicsome urchins escaped from school, till, a little farther off, the horizon showed nothing in the direction but the ordinary darkness of night. Far otherwise is it with the fireworks which Nature occasionally exhibits. We allude, not to the glare of the volcano, the flash of the lightning, or the coruscations of the northern lights, but to brilliant appearances of a more recondite description—more remote, too, from terrestrial connections, most frequently and magnificently seen in tropical localities, sometimes visible over thousands of square miles of the earth's surface, and through a vast linear extent of celestial space, occurring both as isolated drops of light, and forming copious luminous showers. St. John might have had the phenomenon before him on its grandest scale when he indited the passage referring to the opening of the sixth seal: "And the stars of heaven fell unto the earth, even as a fig tree casteth her untimely figs, when she is shaken of a mighty wind."

It is very common, when the curtains of the night are drawn, and clouds are absent from the star-decked sky, or only blot it in patches, for a line of light in the concave to arrest the eye, as though a fiery arrow had been shot from an invisible bow in space, or a star had fallen from its sphere into an extinguishing gulf. Hence the familiar names of shooting and falling stars applied to such apparitions. In certain situations—as when away from the din of towns, on shipboard, in the still valley, or on the solitary moor—the appearance is not a little impressive; and, being not more striking than well known in all climes and countries, it has been consecrated in the records of inspiration as an image of the complete and rapid overthrow of principalities and powers. "How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning!" "I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven." Often as the sight has been witnessed, it seldom fails to arrest attention, whether contemplated by rustic ignorance or cultivated science, and to fix thought upon the inquiry, for the moment, "What can it be?" In the oldest literature we meet with allusions to these swift and evanescent luminosities. Homer compares the hasty flight of Minerva from the peaks of Olympus, to break the truce between the Greeks and Trojans, to the rapidity of a radiant overhead streamer. Virgil makes it a kind of telegraph between Jupiter and poor old Anchise; and mentions the phenomenon, when frequent, as a prognostic of stormy weather:—

"And oft, before tempestuous winds arise,  
The seeming stars fall headlong from the skies.  
And, shooting through the darkness, gild the night  
With sweeping glories and long trains of light."

Modern observations show that these and other objects of the same class—the shooting stars, falling stars, fire-balls, and thunderbolts of the vulgar—the meteors, meteorites, aërolites, bolides, colides, and uranulites of the scientific—are to a moral certainty identical in their nature and origin, though differing in their exhibitions. The leading circumstances under which they appear may be stated.

1. Shooting stars, meteors, or whatever else we may call them, vary in their *form*, *magnitude*, and





METEORIC SHOWER IN GREENLAND.

*brightness.* Some consist of phosphoric lines, apparently described by a point; and these are the most numerous class. In others, the globular shape is occasionally very conspicuous, answering to a ball of fire, usually followed by a train of intensely white light; but this is sometimes tinged with various prismatic colours of great beauty. A third variety present no uniform aspect, remain stationary in the heavens, and are visible for a considerable time. Estimates of the diameters of the globular class give measurements of 500 feet, 1000 feet, and 2600 feet. Some are not more conspicuous than small stars to the naked eye, while others are more resplendent than the brightest of the planets, and throw a very perceptible illumination upon the path of the traveller.

2. These luminous objects differ likewise in their *height, velocity, and duration.* A series of observations was carefully conducted by Brandes, with coadjutors at Breslau and the neighbourhood, between April and October, 1823, when, out of a great number, ninety-eight were observed simultaneously at different stations. Of these, at the time of extinction, the computed altitudes were

4	under	15 miles.
15	from 15 to	30 "
22	" 30 "	45 "
33	" 45 "	70 "
13	" 70 "	90 "
6	above	90 "
5	from 140 to	400 "

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The greatest velocity was thirty-six miles a second, or double that of the earth in its orbit; but a rate vastly greater has been registered, equal to eleven times that of the earth, and to seven-and-a-half times that of Mercury, the fastest galloper of the planets; and much greater altitudes are on record. Commonly the time of visibility involves only a few seconds; but the luminous trains of the globular class have been seen from several minutes to half an hour after the disappearance of the brilliant balls, while examples of the stationary amorphous kind have remained in sight much longer.

3. Their *direction* is in general more or less oblique, but sometimes it seems horizontal; and the extraordinary fact is mentioned in one instance of a shooting star moving away from the earth, or upward, as if caught in the act of deserting celestial space, and dragged back into its depths by an attraction superior to terrestrial gravitation. It is usually the case that these objects move from north-east to south-west, which is contrary to the direction of the earth in its orbit. This seems to have an important bearing upon their physical history.

4. While limited to no particular part of the earth, state of the weather, or season of the year, they are most numerous seen in tropical localities, under tranquil conditions of the atmosphere, towards the close of summer and the commencement of autumn, especially about the middle of August and November. The displays have been gorgeous and terrific, as seen in America, when at the same time nothing remarkable has been ob-

served in European skies; while, contemporaneously, on other occasions, the revelation has been splendid in the atmosphere of opposite hemispheres. In 1837 a vast number appeared in Europe; and on the same day, on the other side of the globe, they were witnessed from the French ship "Bonite."

5. Commonly the sight is the only sense addressed. "There is no speech nor language—their voice is not heard." But occasionally hissing noises and loud detonations have been distinctly audible, owing doubtless to greater contiguity. Windows and doors have rattled, and even buildings have trembled at the violence of the explosions. The meteor which passed over Italy, in 1676, disappeared to seaward in the direction of Corsica, with a report which was heard at Leghorn. A similar visitor, witnessed all over England in 1718, passed from north-east to south-west, and the sound of an explosion was heard through Devon and Cornwall, and along the opposite coast of Brittany. This was a very brilliant object. Sir Hans Sloane, being abroad in the streets of London at the time of its appearance—a quarter past eight at night—found his path suddenly and intensely illumined. He at first thought it proceeded from a discharge of rockets; but, looking up, he saw an orb of fire travelling with immense velocity aloft, so vividly bright that several times he was compelled to turn away his eyes from it. The stars disappeared; the moon—nine days old, and high near the meridian, the sky being very clear—was so effaced as to be scarcely visible.

6. On the same night the appearance of falling stars is ordinarily limited to two or three examples, and weeks may pass away without a single one being observed; but at times the number is prodigious, as if the whole celestial host had been loosened from the concave to rush in lawless flight towards the earth, resembling a perfect shower of fiery snow. Mediæval chronicles contain records of such events, once considered as marvels invented by the chroniclers, but now admitted to the class of facts, since modern experience is familiar with precisely similar displays. Some of these relations are worthy of notice.

Arabian annalists state that on the night of the death of King Ibrahim ben Ahmed, referring to the month of October, in the year 902 of our era, an infinite number of falling stars were seen spreading themselves like rain over the heavens from right to left; and this year was afterwards called "the year of stars." In some annals of Cairo, it is related that "in this year (1029 of our era), in the month Redjeb (August), many stars passed, with a great noise and brilliant light." In another place the document states that "in the year 599, on Saturday night, in the last Moharrem (1202 of our era, and on the 19th of October), the stars appeared like waves upon the sky, towards the east and west; they flew about like grasshoppers, and were dispersed from left to right; the people were terror-struck." Mohammed, in a chapter of the Koran, alludes to the falling stars as the visible flame which the angels, guarding the constellations, hurl at the evil spirits who come too near. Hence a modern poet makes his peri fly through space—

"Rapidly as comets run  
To th' embraces of the sun;  
Fleeter than the starry brands  
Plunged at night from angel hands,  
At those dark and daring sprites  
Who would climb th' empyreal heights."

On the night of April 25, 1095, both in France and England, the stars were seen "falling like a shower of rain from heaven upon the earth." The Chronicle of Rheims describes them as driven like dust before the wind; and great commotions in Christendom were foreboded in consequence by the members of the council of Clermont. By the common people in England, the event was deemed ominous to the king, William Rufus, "that God was not content with his lyvving; but he was so wilful and proude of minde, that he regarded little their saying."

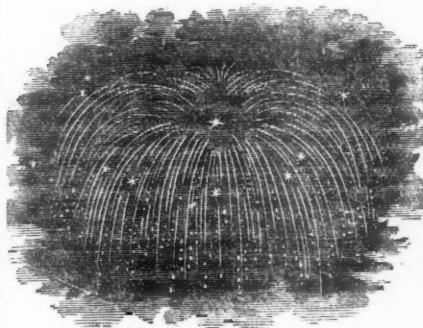
To come down to modern times. The last century was drawing to a close, when a grand meteoric shower was seen over a very considerable portion of the area of the globe. It became conspicuous towards midnight on the 12th of November, 1799, and rapidly waxed terrible, continuing for several hours. To the Moravian missionaries in Greenland, who witnessed the scene, the contrast was of the strangest description—a landscape of unvarying ice and snow around them, and the semblance of the heavens on fire above; for glowing points and masses, thick as hail, filled the firmament, as if some vast magazine of combustible materials had exploded in the far off depths of space. Humboldt and Bonpland observed the spectacle on the coast of Mexico. The former remarks:—"Thousands of bolides and falling stars succeeded each other during four hours. Their direction was very regular from north to south. From the beginning of the phenomenon there was not a space in the firmament equal in extent to three diameters of the moon which was not filled every instant with them. All the meteors left luminous traces or phosphorescent bands behind them, which lasted seven or eight seconds." Mr. Ellicott, at sea, off Cape Florida, was another spectator. "I was called up," he states, "about three o'clock in the morning to see the shooting stars, as they are called. The phenomenon was grand and awful. The whole heavens appeared as if illuminated with sky-rockets, which disappeared only by the light of the sun towards daybreak. The meteors, which at any one instant of time appeared as numerous as the stars, flew in all possible directions, except from the earth, towards which they all inclined, more or less; and some of them descended perpendicularly over the vessel we were in, so that I was in constant expectation of their falling on us." The same appearances were seen on the same night by the Capuchin missionary at San Fernando, a village in the llanos of Venezuela; by the Franciscan monks stationed near the cataracts of the Orinoco; at Maracaibo, on the banks of the Rio Negro; at Quito, Cumana, and Santa Fe de Bogota; in French Guiana and Western Brazil; at Nain and Hoffenthal, in Labrador; and even at Weinmar, Halle, and Carlsruhe, in Germany, shooting stars were very numerous. The area of visibility embraced 64° of latitude, and 94° of longitude.

Passing by several meteoric showers, more or

less remarkable, we come to the most stupendous hitherto witnessed, that of the 13th of November, 1833; which, being the third in successive years, all occurring in the same month, and on the same day of the month, seemed to intimate periodicity, and originated the title of the November meteors. The night of the 12th was singularly fine. Not a cloud obscured the sky. Towards midnight the spectacle commenced, and was at its height between four and six o'clock in the morning. It was seen all over the United States, from the Canadian lakes to the West Indies, and from about longitude  $61^{\circ}$  in the Atlantic ocean, to that of  $100^{\circ}$  in the centre of Mexico. It included the three classes of forms previously mentioned—phosphoric lines, large fire-balls, and luminous bodies of irregular shape. One of the latter, observed in the state of Ohio, resembled a brilliant pruning-hook, apparently about twenty feet long by eighteen inches broad. It was distinctly visible in the north-east more than an hour, and gradually declined towards the horizon till it disappeared. Another, of tabular contour, appeared near the zenith, over the Falls of Niagara, and remained stationary for a considerable time, emitting large streams of light. The roar of the cataract, the wild dash and incessant plunging of the waters below it, with the fiery storm overhead, combined to form a scene of unequalled sublimity. Some persons died of fright. Many thought that the last great day had come. In the slave states, the terror of the negroes was extreme. "I was suddenly awakened," says a planter in South Carolina, "by the most distressing cries that ever fell on my ears. Shrieks of horror and cries for mercy I could hear from most of the negroes of three plantations, amounting to from six to eight hundred. While earnestly listening for the cause, I heard a faint voice near the door calling my name. I arose, and, taking my sword, stood at the door. At this moment I heard the same voice still beseeching me to rise, and saying, 'O, master! the world is on fire!' I then opened the door, and it is difficult to say which excited me most, the awfulness of the scene, or the distressed shrieks of the negroes. Upwards of one hundred lay prostrate on the ground—some speechless, and some with the bitterest cries, but most with their hands raised, imploring God to save the world and them. The scene was truly awful; for never did rain fall much thicker than the meteors fell towards the earth. East, west, north, and south, it was the same." An observer at Boston compared them, when at the maximum, to half the number of flakes seen in the air during an ordinary snow-storm. When they became less dense, so as to admit of being individualised, he counted 650 in fifteen minutes, in a vertical zone which did not include a tenth part of the visible horizon; and this number, in his opinion, was not more than two-thirds of the whole. Thus there would be 866 in his circumscribed zone, which gives 8660 for the entire hemisphere every quarter of an hour, or 34,640 per hour; and as the phenomenon continued seven hours, the grand total of falling stars and meteors visible at Boston on this memorable night exceeded 240,000. The spectacle must indeed have been of the sublimest order, and we cannot wonder at the simple, unlettered

negroes having experienced sensations of terror. The Creator of these stupendous phenomena, though overflowing with love, is also the moral governor of his universe; and on such occasions as these the inquiry will force itself upon the mind, whether it is in a state of reconciliation with him—whether its sins have been forgiven—whether, in short, it is prepared to meet its God.

Some leading features of this magnificent spectacle, as noted by intelligent eyewitnesses, may be concisely stated. *Firstly*—The meteors had their origin beyond the limits of our atmosphere. They all, without a single exception, moved in lines which converged in one and the same point of the heavens, as indicated by the diagram. But their course commenced at different distances from it, while around the point itself there was a circular space of several degrees in which none appeared.



The position of this radiating point, with reference to the stars, was near  $\gamma$  in the constellation Leo. It was stationary among the stars during the whole period of observation, or, in other words, instead of accompanying the earth in its diurnal rotation eastward, it attended the stars in their apparent movement westward. Thus the common focus from which the meteors seemed to emanate was clearly in the regions of space exterior to our atmosphere. *Secondly*—The height of the place whence they proceeded, though not accurately determined, must have been several thousand miles above the surface of the earth. This was inferred from observations of parallax. *Thirdly*—The meteors did not fall by the force of gravity alone, for the velocity observed was estimated to be much greater than could possibly result from the law of gravitation. *Fourthly*—They consisted of combustible matter, took fire, and were consumed, in traversing the atmosphere. They were not luminous in their original situations in space, otherwise the body would have been seen from which they emanated. Combustion ensued upon reaching the atmosphere, owing to the heat evolved by the sudden and powerful compression of the air consequent on their tremendous velocity; and the combustion was complete, since no particles, notwithstanding the momentum, made their way to the surface of the earth. *Fifthly*—Some of the meteors were evidently bodies of considerable size. Several fire-balls were observed apparently as large as the full moon. Dr. Smith, of North Carolina, who was travelling all night on professional busi-

ness, thus describes one:—"In size it appeared somewhat larger than the full moon rising. I was startled by the splendid light in which the surrounding scene was exhibited, rendering even small objects quite visible; but I heard no noise, although every sense seemed to be suddenly aroused, in sympathy with the violent impression on the sight." *Sixthly*—The large meteors were still high in the atmosphere when they exploded, or resolved themselves into smoke, for evidently the same objects were observed from far distant points; and while the explosions were seen, no report of any kind reached the ear.

While the eye was alone appealed to upon this occasion, the ear, as before remarked, has been addressed; and the sense of touch has taken cognizance of solid bodies which have fallen from surrounding space. But these "bits of stars," with the hypotheses proposed to explain the entire phenomena, must be reserved for future notice.

### THE JAPANESE YOUTHS.

JAPAN, after having been for so many centuries hermetically sealed against the admission of European influences, has at last concluded commercial treaties with England and America. The philanthropist will hail with interest the introduction of this country to the great community of nations; the merchant will see in the event an opening for much lucrative traffic; while such of our readers as are interested in the evangelization of the world will hail the opportunity as one by which missionary effort may be enlarged. Eager, indeed, do the Japanese themselves appear to be for communication with other lands; but at present painful obstacles interpose themselves, for the code of the country punishes with severity all efforts at voluntary expatriation. The following touching incident, related by Mr. Spalding, in his recent narrative of the American expedition,\* will painfully illustrate our statement:—

"On a fine sunshiny morning, in the latter part of April," writes Mr. Spalding, "I had landed, according to previous appointment, to take a botanical tramp into the country with the author of the 'Middle Kingdom,' and with a gentleman from South Carolina, our botanist. I reached the shore before them, and a number of the villagers around stood on the glistening white beach between Simoda and the fishing village of Kakizaki, watching the lazy swell as it came in a roll against Centre Sima, or broke with a low splash through its Gothic cavern, when I was approached by two young Japanese, whose dress and address told that they were gentlemen in their land. They wore the rich brocade breeches; the handles of their short and long swords were decorated with amulets, and the light blue oval on the summit of their fresh shaven polls, shone far smoother than 'a stubble land at harvest home.' After the characteristic bended and knee-pressing salutation, accompanied with the aspirated 'Eh!' which only a Japanese can do exactly, which I jocularly replied to with 'Abeyo!' they came quite close to me. Pointing to our different ships in the harbour, they attempted to pronounce their names, but

as they scarcely succeeded, either in their sequence or their articulation, particularly of Mississippi and Powhatan, I did it for them, and at their request wrote all of their names down, with one of their camel's hair pencils. This done, they affected to examine with some interest the chain attached to my 'tokay,' or watch, and at the same time slipped into the bosom of my vest an enveloped letter, which noticing, I immediately attempted to withdraw, when they gently restrained my hand, cast an anxious glance around, and gave a most imploring look for secrecy. A moment's thought, and I was willing to indulge them in this, believing the document to have some reference to a matter which had been mooted by the younger officers of the squadron, of which I was one. Just after this, a couple of the resident officers came up from the direction of Simoda, whose approach was the signal for the scattering of the villagers, who are not permitted to stand and gaze on a stranger. Between them and my incognito epistolary friends, salutations were formally interchanged, when both parties moved off in opposite directions. The examining look which accompanied these otherwise very ordinary politenesses, on the part of those from Simoda, caused the idea to pass through my mind that the others were from another province.

"The hour of the day having arrived, when the dinner-bell would have been heard, if at home, we seated ourselves on the front steps of the temple to partake of a little 'chow-chow.' While thus engaged, the incidents of the morning came to my recollection, and I handed over my epistle '*extraordinaire*,' which I had gotten from the two Japanese, to my friend our interpreter, to get an inkling of what it was all about, at the same time giving him my surmises as to its contents. It was of much more import; he thought the commodore should see it, promising to return it to me. As there were a number around us, no doubt indulging in the Japanese espionage, I only got, at the time, the superscription, which was: 'A secret communication, for the American men-of-war ships, to go up higher.'

"On leaving this place we clambered to the summit of high, bleak hills, with a very white volcanic formation at the top, so bright that at a distance it might well have been taken for snow. The ascent was anything but agreeable, as we were impeded by thick bushes, brier and bramble. Two Japanese who attempted to play pilot fared worst, but upon getting up some distance had the 'sava' to see that going ahead was as well as going back. We rested at an abandoned quarry on the summit, and from here had a fine view of the surrounding country. My companions having filled the leaves of an old census-book with little botanical specimens, comprising rare little plants and cozy little wild flowers of every hue, together with what they thought were some new specimens of the fern family, we descended into a pretty little valley waving in wheat, and at sundown were at Simoda.

"That night the officer of the mid-watch of the 'Mississippi' heard the words 'American! American!' pronounced in a low tone from the top of the gangway ladder, and immediately two young Japanese descended to the deck. They made signs to him of great fatigue, held up their tender

\* London: Sampson Low.



though blistered hands, and desired to cast off their boat from the ship, which they were not permitted to do. An attempt was made to comprehend them by means of a Chinese servant, who was awake for the purpose, but the domestic celestial insisted that they had 'rice for sale.' The commander of the 'Mississippi' directed them to be put on board of the flag-ship. Here it was ascertained they were from Yedo; that they were desirous of coming to our country, and that, unable to effect that object or have communication with us when we lay off Yokohama, they had followed us, at much risk, in an open boat, from the bay of Yedo to our anchorage at Simoda. Their plan was, after getting on board of us, to permit their boat to go adrift, allowing their swords to remain in her, which family relics the Japanese regard as very heir-looms, not to be parted with but in the last extremity, and by this means to produce the belief that their owners had been drowned when the boat should be picked up. Fearing there might be some deception in the matter, perhaps a ruse to see in what faith we were prepared to observe their laws, which we were aware prohibited any of their people from leaving Japan for a foreign country, they were ordered to be put ashore in a ship's boat at a point where they would not be liable to observation, which was done, the hour being nearly two in the morning. On reaching the beach they soon disappeared in the woods.

"A few days afterward, some of our officers, in their strolls ashore, ascertained that there were two Japanese confined in a cage at a little barrack back of the town, and on going there they were found to be the persons who had paid the midnight visit to our ships, and they also proved to be my unfortunate friends of the letter. They did not appear greatly downcast by their situation, and one of them wrote in his native character on a piece of board, and passed through the bars of his cage, to one of our surgeons present, what follows:—

"When a hero fails in his purpose, his acts are then regarded as those of a villain and robber. In public have we been seized and pinioned, and darkly imprisoned for many days; the village elders and headmen treat us disdainfully, their oppressions being grievous indeed; therefore looking up while yet we have nothing wherewith to reproach ourselves, it must now be seen whether a hero will prove himself to be one indeed.

"Regarding the liberty of going through the sixty states (of Japan) as not enough for our desires, we wished to make the circuit of the five great continents; this was our heart's wish for a long time. Suddenly our plans are defeated, and we find ourselves in a half-sized house, where eating, resting, sitting, and sleeping, are difficult, nor can we find our exit from this place. Weeping we seem as fools, laughing as rogues: alas! for us, silent we can only be.

"ISAGI KÔODA,

"KWANSUCHI MANJI."

"The commodore, it is said, did not hear of their capture and confinement until the next morning, when he sent some officers ashore to see what might be done in the way of intercession; but, on

reaching the barrack, it was found that they had that morning been sent to the city of Yedo, and, as the attendant at the place made sign, for the purpose of being beheaded."

Surely such of our readers as are in the habit of praying for the spread of the gospel, will be stimulated to intercede that Japan, too, may speedily be thrown open to missionary exertions.

#### A DOG INFIRMARY.

BAD as this title may sound, it represents not a fiction, but a fact. It was, indeed, purely by accident that the Institution which we are about to describe came under our cognizance; and although the information at our disposal may be somewhat scanty, we trust that it will be found not less amusing than profitable.

One fine evening last summer we were strolling in a pleasant suburban district, when our attention was rather forcibly arrested by a violent and prolonged barking, which we found to proceed from the front garden of a mean-looking cottage—ill-natured people would have called it a hovel—in a "no-thoroughfare" turning out of the high-road. An illustrated board over the gateway announced to all whom it might concern that this establishment was a "Dog Infirmary;" and by a cursory glance at the kennels before us, we calculated that the number of "out-door patients" was from five-and-twenty to thirty, many of whom, however—judging from the vivacity of their movements—were fast approaching convalescence.\*

As we were contemplating this interesting scene, a little ferret-eyed man, in a large fur cap, and wearing a green-baize apron, presented himself at the door, whom we at once set down as the resident medical officer or house-surgeon. It so happened that a lady of our acquaintance had, shortly before, lost a valuable Blenheim spaniel, and thinking that there would be no harm in communicating the fact to this keen-looking person, we entered into conversation with him, in the course of which he gave us the history of the most remarkable invalids under his care. With reference to the immediate subject of our remarks, he gently intimated that unless the lady offered an adequate reward, it was more than doubtful whether she would ever behold the object of her solicitude again—the recovery of a lost dog being effected by the same pecuniary stimulus which, according to the old proverb, makes the mare to go.

The first patient to which Dr. Bark directed our attention was a Scotch terrier, who, we observed, had one of its fore-paws enveloped in bandages. It seemed that the poor animal, like another of its kindred now some time deceased, but whose remains, in "its habit as it lived," may be seen at the station in Watling Street, had a strange attachment to fires, and was often seen running about among the firemen, while pursuing their vocation, in a state of breathless excitement. On one occasion, at a fire which took place near Blackfriars Road, the dog rushed

\* For a description of another establishment in London, of this nature, see the article "Pincher Invalided," in the third volume of the "Leisure Hour."

upstairs into a chamber where a child was sleeping, and actually dragged it off the bed, nor deserted it until it was rescued from the encroaching flames. In performing this humane office one of its legs was severely burned, and the doctor questioned whether it would ever recover the use of it; but expressed his opinion—which we were glad to hear—that the faithful creature would be well taken care of, “whether or no.”

A very old white mastiff, perfectly blind, which sat in a kennel near the window, was, or rather had been, for twenty years, the faithful servant of a respectable butcher at Mile-End. His master had been dead only a few days, and the affectionate animal, as if by some curious exercise of instinct, had apparently become aware of its loss, and all night long had maintained such a melancholy howling, that the relatives of the deceased were obliged to send the dog away until after the funeral. It was now very quiet, and one could almost fancy that in its face might be seen the traces of that sorrow which it had so strongly manifested, and which has often been observed in dumb animals under circumstances of a similar nature.

Of all the working classes in this country, there is no class, we really believe, so hardly worked and so poorly remunerated as that to which the drover's dog belongs. The sagacity, docility, and celerity of that metropolitan shepherd's assistant are above all praise. The number of dusty miles that the poor animal has to travel would terrify some of our best walkers. You may see him sometimes following a drove of sheep, and to all appearance completely knocked up with anxiety and fatigue; but let his attention only be called by the hoarse and vehement voice of his principal to a “stray mutton,” and away he dashes like a schoolboy playing at “overing backs,” in pursuit of the truant, whom he pleasantly brings back to the flock, where he releases his hold, and returns to his master's side as quietly as if nothing worth speaking of had happened.

These poor animals are very much exposed to danger, from getting in the way of carts and other vehicles, while engaged in their arduous pursuits. The doctor showed us a drover's dog which had been in the infirmary nearly a month, it having met with a severe kick from a spirited young horse, whom it had run foul of on its way to market. It was doubtful whether it would ever again be fit for the business in which it had been actively engaged ever since it left its home in the Highlands.

We certainly cannot pretend to be great admirers of that variety of the canine genus called the bulldog. There is such an absence of moral and mental elevation in his pugnacious visage. He always seems to us fitting company for none but the “commonest order of people.” But without entertaining any slavish reverence for hereditary honours, we could not help regarding with interest an individual who all the time we were in the infirmary continued to survey us from his kennel with an air of sturdy independence. He was descended in a straight line, the doctor assured us, from one of those distinguished gladiators who, some thirty years ago, encountered in deadly conflict the lion Wallace, and very nearly,

if we remember aright, vanquished that king of beasts. We omitted to ascertain what was the precise complaint of this representative of a long line of heroes, and should have hesitated, for some considerable time, to gratify our curiosity—had it been practicable—by feeling his pulse.

A Cuban bloodhound, who had been injured in a contest with poachers, lay on some straw in an outhouse. His large head resting on his outstretched paws, and his dark gloomy eyes watching every motion that we made, rendered us somewhat uncomfortable, until assured by our friend the doctor that we had nothing to fear, as his chain was perfectly secure. He told us that the animal, which was one of the most ferocious of its class, had been employed to track slaves in the southern States of America, from whence it had been brought by its present owner.

We were not sorry to turn from the contemplation of this unamiable gamekeeper to a pair of beautiful Esquimaux dogs, who, with their white shaggy coats, and long tails *retroussés*, looked the very pictures of canine gentleness and fidelity. These fond creatures had been brought from the icy regions of the north by some of the Arctic voyagers, and, like twin brothers, they seemed to be as much attached to one another as they were to their present guardian, who was very fond of them, and fed them with some sweet cakes, which they appeared to relish exceedingly. They were not, like most of their companions, suffering from indisposition, but had been placed with the doctor for sale: the party to whom they had been originally given having fallen into pecuniary difficulties, the poor dumb animals had been taken under an execution for a judgment debt.

One of the most interesting and funniest-looking dogs in the collection, was a curious specimen of the almost extinct breed of pug-dogs. The doctor told us that it belonged to a gentleman, or rather to his lady, and that, from first to last, that cherished object of her affections had cost its owner not less than one hundred pounds. It seemed that some “person or persons unknown,” having ascertained the high value put upon this dear creature by its doting mistress, had made a practice of stealing it as frequently as possible, when it never cost less than ten pounds to effect its recovery.

These depredations at length grew to such a height that the lady was almost afraid to go to sleep at night, lest she should awake and find her darling gone. To prevent this calamity, Bogey himself slept on a mat outside the chamber door, with a string attached to its collar and communicating with the bell-rope at the head of her ladyship's bed, so that an immediate alarm might be given if any freebooter should attempt to carry it off, “contrary to the Act of Parliament in that case made and provided.” In defiance of these and other precautions, the animal disappeared under very mysterious circumstances; and notwithstanding the offer of a munificent reward, nearly three weeks elapsed, and her ladyship was still inconsolable for her loss. In the meantime, one astute detective policeman was sent round to all the dog-fanciers in the metropolis, and another, “from information which he had received,” took boat for Hamburg, and had an interview with the

English consul, who, knowing the gentleman personally, and feeling an interest in the case, sent for the largest importer of dogs in the town, and warned him, if he knew aught of the individual referred to, to make it known, as he valued his commercial reputation; but this injunction, though uttered in a dogmatic tone, failed to produce any satisfactory result. At length, when the gentleman and his disconsolate consort had nearly abandoned themselves to despair, an advertisement appeared in the second column of the "Times," stating that a dog whose description corresponded with that of Bogey had been found, and would be delivered up to its owner on payment of expenses, which amounted, if we may believe the solemn asseveration of a man in a moleskin coat and ankle boots, who negotiated the restoration, to exactly thirty pounds five shillings! which the gentleman paid with a resigned air and a heavy heart.

Bogey was now an inmate of the infirmary, being under medical treatment for some alleged disease of the chest, which seemed to interfere with its powers of respiration; but which the doctor hinted to us was only an accumulation of fat, caused by too lavish an indulgence in food.

We had just completed our inspection of the different "wards" of the infirmary, when a carriage drew up at the corner of the thoroughfare, from which a tall powdered footman, with a silver-headed cane, alighted, and, taking from a lady inside a very fat lap-dog, conveyed it in his arms to the doctor, who recognised it as a patient which had frequently been under medical treatment in his Sanatorium. Having discharged himself of his trust, and enjoined the doctor to treat the invalid with every possible indulgence, the domestic picked his steps out of the garden, and, returning to his carriage, was driven off, accompanied by a tremendous chorus—the dogs being all in full cry. Before we took our departure, we inquired of the doctor under what disorder the plump little animal laboured; to which he replied, in his usual curt manner, that he had been better fed than taught; and that homœopathic doses of food, in a week or two, would make quite a new dog of him. We could not help thinking that if ladies of fashion knew the diet and regimen to which their pets were restricted, many would prefer calling in the family physician to sending them away from home.

We took our leave of the Dog Infirmary, with our best thanks to its intelligent manager, and highly gratified by what we had seen and heard. Apart from the information which we had gained, it was pleasant to find in this busy utilitarian world a quiet little nook where humanity silently performed one of her noblest offices, that of affording relief to the sufferings of a large and interesting portion of the brute creation.

#### THE SCOFFER SILENCED.

LET me tell you a story. I have told it before; but it is a striking one, and sets out in a true light how easily men will be brought, in times of danger, to believe in a God, and a God of justice too, though they have denied him before. In the backwoods of Canada there resided a good minister, who one evening went out to meditate, as Isaac did, in the fields. He soon found himself on the borders

of a forest, which he entered, and walked along a track which had been trodden before him: musing, musing still, until at last the shadows of twilight gathered around him, and he began to think how he should spend a night in the forest. He trembled at the idea of remaining there, with the poor shelter of a tree into which he would be compelled to climb. On a sudden he saw a light in the distance among the trees, and imagining that it might be from the window of some cottage where he would find a hospitable retreat, he hastened to it, and, to his surprise, saw a space cleared, and trees laid down to make a platform, and upon it a speaker addressing a multitude. He thought to himself, "I have stumbled on a company of people, who in this dark forest have assembled to worship God, and some minister is preaching to them, at this late hour of the evening, concerning the kingdom of God and his righteousness;" but, to his surprise and horror, when he came nearer, he found a young man declaiming against God, daring the Almighty to do his worst upon him, speaking terrible things in wrath against the justice of the Most High, and venturing most bold and awful assertions concerning his own disbelief in a future state. It was altogether a singular scene; it was lighted up by pine-knots, which cast a glare here and there, while the thick darkness in other places still reigned. The people were intent on listening to the orator; and when he sat down, thunders of applause were given to him, each one seeming to emulate the other in his praise. Thought the minister, "I must not let this pass; I must rise and speak; the honour of my God and his cause demands it." But he feared to speak, for he knew not what to say, having come there suddenly; but he would have ventured, had not something else occurred. A man of middle age, hale and strong, rose, and, leaning on his staff, he said: "My friends, I have a word to speak to you to-night. I am not about to refute any of the arguments of the orator; I shall not criticise his style; I shall say nothing concerning what I believe to be the blasphemies he has uttered; but I shall simply relate to you a fact, and, after I have done that, you shall draw your own conclusions. Yesterday I walked by the side of yonder river; I saw on its floods a young man in a boat. The boat was unmanageable; it was going fast towards the rapids; he could not use the oars, and I saw that he was not capable of bringing the boat to the shore. I saw that young man wring his hands in agony: by-and-by he gave up the attempt to save his life, knelt down and cried with desperate earnestness, 'O God! save my soul! If my body cannot be saved, save my soul.' I heard him confess that he had been a blasphemer; I heard him vow that, if his life were spared, he would never be such again; I heard him implore the mercy of heaven for Jesus Christ's sake, and earnestly plead that he might be washed in his blood. These arms saved that young man from the flood; I plunged in, brought the boat to shore, and saved his life. That same young man has just now addressed you, and cursed his Maker. What say you to this, sirs?" The speaker sat down. You may guess what a shudder ran through the young man himself, and how the audience in one moment changed their notes, and saw that, after all, whilst it was a fine thing to brag and bravado against Almighty God on dry land, and when danger was distant, it was not quite so grand to think ill of him when near the verge of the grave. We believe there is enough conscience in every man to convince him that God must punish him for his sin; therefore we think that our text will wake an echo in every heart—"If he turn not, he will whet his sword."—*The Rev. Mr. Spurgeon.*

#### A HINT TO THE MARRIED.

"I HAVE heard," says Matthew Henry, "of a married couple who, though they were both of a hasty temper, yet lived comfortably together, by simply observing a rule on which they had mutually agreed—never to be both angry with each other." And he adds that an ingenious and pious father was in the habit of giving this advice to his children when they married—

"Doth one speak fire, t'other with water come;  
Is one provoked, be t'other soft and dumb."

## Varieties.

**THE HUMBOLDT GLACIER.**—My recollections of the glacier are very distinct. The day was beautifully clear on which I first saw it; and I have a number of sketches made as we drove along in view of its magnificent face. They disappoint me, giving too much white surface and badly-fading distances, the grandeur of the few bold and simple lines of nature being almost entirely lost. I will not attempt to do better by florid description. Men only rhapsodise about Niagara and the ocean. My notes speak simply of the "long ever-shining line of cliff diminished to a well-pointed wedge in the perspective;" and again, of "the face of glistening ice, sweeping in a long curve from the low interior, the facets in front intensely illuminated by the sun." But this line of cliff rose in solid glassy wall three hundred feet above the water-level, with an unknown unfathomable depth below it; and its curved face, sixty miles in length from Cape Agassiz to Cape Forbes, vanished into unknown space at not more than a single day's railroad travel from the Pole. The interior, with which it communicated, and from which it issued, was an unsurveyed *mer de glace*, an ice-ocean, to the eye of boundless dimensions. It was in full sight—the mighty crystal bridge which connects the two continents of America and Greenland. I say continents; for Greenland, however insulated it may ultimately prove to be, is in mass strictly continental. Its least possible axis, measured from Cape Farewell to the line of this glacier, in the neighbourhood of the 80th parallel, gives a length of more than 1200 miles, not materially less than that of Australia from its northern to its southern cape. Imagine, now, the centre of such a continent, occupied through nearly its whole extent by a deep unbroken sea of ice, that gathers perennial increase from the water-shed of vast snow-covered mountains, and all the precipitations of the atmosphere upon its own surface. Imagine this moving onward like a great glacial river, seeking outlets at every fiord and valley, rolling icy cataracts into the Atlantic and Greenland seas; and having at last reached the northern limit of the land that has borne it up, pouring out a mighty frozen torrent into unknown Arctic space. It is thus, and only thus, that we must form a just conception of a phenomenon like this great glacier. I had looked in my own mind for such an appearance, should I ever be fortunate enough to reach the northern coast of Greenland. But now that it was before me, I could hardly realize it. I had recognised, in my quiet library at home, the beautiful analogies which Forbes and Studer have developed between the glacier and the river. But I could not comprehend at first this complete substitution of ice for water. It was slowly that the conviction dawned on me that I was looking upon the counterpart of the great river-system of Arctic Asia and America. Yet here were no water-feeders from the south. Every particle of moisture had its origin within the polar circle, and had been converted into ice. There were no vast alluvions, no forest or animal traces borne down by liquid torrents. Here was a plastic, moving, semi-solid mass, obliterating life, swallowing rocks and islands, and ploughing its way with irresistible march through the crust of an investing sea.—*Dr. Kane's "Arctic Expedition,"* 1853-55.

**THE WATER OF THE NILE.**—After a month's continual use of it, I can regret, but cannot wonder, that the blinded heathen, who saw that this marvellous river, filling the land with plenty, produced his food and furnished him with a drink surpassing all other fluids in its exquisite savour, worshipped it, and paid offerings to it as a god. I can still less wonder that the inhabitants of Egypt at this day regard this water as a universal medicine. You see the mother fill her palm out of the mud-diast pool flowing from the blessed stream, and give it to her child to drink. The cleanest Arab will present you with a cup of the unfiltered fluid. I am convinced, though no believer in a catholicon, that the water of the Nile must be a cure for many human sufferings, were it only that it is a cup which "bathes the drooping spirits in delight." I can well believe Moore when, repeating from De Pauw, he speaks of "that sacred river, for a draught of whose sweet flood the royal daughters of the Ptolemies,

when far away on foreign thrones, have often been known to sigh in the midst of their splendour;" and I can sympathize with those who, after residing in many lands, have at last finally fixed their home by the side of this voluptuous river. The waters of the East, whether good or bad, are all soft. About the analysis of the water of the Nile I have no curiosity, and I would not be pleased to receive information. To be made acquainted with the chemical elements which compose our food or our drink, is enough to destroy all pleasure in eating or drinking; and to subject the substance of the venerable Nilus to the torture of scientific analysis, looks very like impiety. The Nile water is particularly soft; it fills the mouth with a rich creamy taste; and in drinking it, in order to enjoy it, it is well to spread it over every part of the palate. It should be drunk, not to quench thirst, but to create high pleasure. It should not, therefore, be swallowed in large draughts at a time, but taken at short intervals every other hour or so. In the house the water-jar—the admirable Egyptian water-jar, which is so much more porous than the Indian jar—should be at hand by day and by night continually. Much refreshment will be obtained by your rising from bed during the night and taking repeated draughts—allowing them to remain some little time in the mouth, so as to keep an abiding sense of pleasure on your palate.—*Bruce's "Scenes and Views in the East."*

**MAPS OF THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.**—As far back as the year 1852 the celebrated orientalist, Professor Forchhammer, of the University of Kiel, suggested, in a speech to the assembled *savans* of Germany at their annual gathering at Wiesbaden, the possibility of constructing submarine charts on the same principle as the common geographical maps, with a shading of greater or lesser strength, to denote the mountains and other inequalities of the bed of the sea. That gentleman has just now had a map on this principle engraved. It is intended to illustrate a work of his now in the press, on the ruins of Troy, and represents the sea between the island of Tenedos and the opposite coast of Asia Minor, including therefore the classic spot where the Greek fleet lay at anchor, the rendezvous of the different naval contingents to the memorable expedition to Troy.

**THE PERILS OF AN ALPINE TRAVELLER.**—A "Clergyman of Kent" writes to warn travellers against the tricks of "experienced guides" in the Alpine regions. "The horse appropriated to me," he says, "was a wiry-looking brute, with a most uneasy eye; but being vehemently assured on all hands that he was perfectly safe, and not wishing to be over-nice, I brought up the rear on his back, not without misgivings. About a mile from Hospenthal the path is carried along an ugly neck of land, bank high on the right hand, and falling sharply on the left to the bottom. On entering this, a presentiment (providentially) made me free my feet from the stirrups, and sit ready for anything that might come next. A few hundred yards farther on, the single peasant, recklessly sent in charge of the horses, stopped for some fidget about his straps and gear. My horse, then, with a vicious cry, made a rush at the forward party (the path being only three feet wide), and jammed himself among them. Unable to get forward, he reared with a back swing, sprawling his forelegs up the bank. After another struggle, he lost his balance, and reeled clear over the parapet, left shoulder forward. Our first pitch was upon a place just sloped enough for some long grass to grow; to this, being rolled on my breast, I could cling with my hands, while, being freed from anything to drag, I felt the animal slip from between my legs, and heard him roll over and over to the bottom. The rest I need not describe."

**THE GREAT PYRAMID.**—The original dimensions of the Great Pyramid, near Gizeh, were 764 square feet at the base, and 408 feet of perpendicular height; covering 43 acres, 1 rood, 22 perches of ground. It consumed 89,028,000 cubic feet of stone; and Mr. Tite adds, that it could not now be built for less than 30 millions sterling!